

Contents



1 The Brooding p. 1

2 Ironic Philosophy in the Dark p. 21

3 Ontological Anxiety p. 54

4 Some Kind of Backthrough p. 78

5 Rubin's Forward p. 95

6 It's A (A PHILOSOPHICAL DIARY) p. 113

7 Schopenhauer and nihilism p. 135

ONTOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS

BOOK TWO

(A PHILOSOPHICAL DIARY)

SEPTEMBER
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2 photos - 3 October 2010

Contents

- 1 The Brooding p. 1
- 2 Ironie Philosophy in the Flesh p. 21
- 3 Ontological Anxiety p. 54
- 4 Some Kind of Breakthrough p. 78
- 5 Pushin' Forward Back p. 95
- 6 It's A Miserable Life p. 113
7. Schopenhauer is not for everyone
- and neither am I p. 135

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THE BROODING *

I do not exist. The self invents itself.
The subject as multiplicity. The process of
Being-in-the-world imposes itself onto reality,
creating conscious experience.

Just as a novelist creates a narrative,
a person creates a sense of being.

The self is a work of art, a fiction
created by the brain to make sense of
its own disunity.

Modern neuroscience confirms the kind of self
Woolf believed in. We invent ourselves out of
our own sensations. The process of inventing
our selves is controlled by the act of
attention, which turns our sensory parts into
a focused moment of consciousness.

The fictional self is what binds these
separate parts / moments together. If I do
not exist, neither does the universe. If the
mechanical mind is denied, the illusion of a self,
if the machine lacks a ghost, then everything
falls apart. Reality disappears.

* incubation, hatching

313

*

THE BROODING

The most mysterious thing we know about the human brain is that the more we know about it, the deeper our own mystery becomes.

Our personal identity is the most intimate thing we experience, and yet it emerges from a shudder of cellular electricity.

Virginia Woolf's question is quite simply, "Why does the self feel real when it is not?" remains completely unanswered. Do away with God, I yes. Do away with soul. OK. Fine. but how do we function without an illusion of self?

The self is a fiction that cannot be treated like a fact. Consciousness is a process, not a place. We emerge, somehow from the moment of attention. Without the illusory self, we are completely blind.

princeton, noitadusni *

We cannot ignore the inner workings of "the mind", but ~~we~~ should rather focus on what is constant and universal throughout the ages and even the species. And yet, if attention determines what we focus on, then our unique experience remains incommunicable.

Just because someone declares themselves as a cognitive scientist or a neuroscientist does not mean we experience the same worldview. Take Steven Pinker for example. His book was being passed around the county jail.
of neuroscientists

The archenemies¹ who promulgate the myths of Noble Savage, Blank Slate, the Ghost in the Machine are defended by Pinker.

Are we able to remain in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any ~~or~~ irritable reaching after fact and reason?

And now what? What next? After having come to the conclusion that there is no need to come to any conclusions, ~~I~~ now what do I conclude? I brood; but who is I? Who am I? Do I exist? Does a self exist?

X

How are tyrannies maintained? see jailhouse scabbings
June 2010 p. 99. The tyrant prohibits everything
likely to produce confidence and high
spirit. His end and aim is to break the
spirit of his subjects, because a broken-spirit
will never plot against anyone. Impoverishment
is a principal means to this end.
Hence the small microportions of meals to
prisoners keeping them forever hungry.

Depression is the result of power's effects on an
individual. They stick you in a cage to make you cry.
They stick you in a cage and let you
get very hungry, then they feed you small
rations of food at regular intervals.

The State functioning as Godhead.
Everywhere in Northwestern Europe,
the early records, the traditions, the songs
and stories, were obliterated by the
priests of Christianity, who felt a bitter
hatred for the paganism they had come
to destroy. All the best of Northern tales
are tragic. The only light in the darkness is heroism.
The hero could prove what he is only by dying.
The Christian looked forward to Heaven. The Norseman did NOT.



"Every difficulty in life presents us with an opportunity to turn inward and to invoke our submerged inner resources. The trials we endure can and should introduce us to our strengths."
~ Epictetus

"Goodness isn't ostentatious piety or showy good manners. It's a lifelong series of subtle readjustments of our character. & You move through your life by being thoroughly in it."

And what of this compulsion to purchase a 6-pack of Coors original? Not a 12-pack. Just 6 beers.

Why at the point that I smoke last puff of herb? Do I really want to experiment tonight? Why not just lie down and wait for sleep? It is the cycle I wish to avoid. Besides, in the here-and-now, I am circling around the roots of our predicament, and I prefer to remain focused.

Perhaps things are about to become much more clear, that I may be on the verge of a breakthrough. Why risk getting pulled back into chasing beer every day? I am enjoying this mysterious way.

When I reckon I don't want to drink alcohol,
it's on account that I don't want to
have to police "it" when it releases
its demons.

X
What do all 3 novels sent to I-1 (MCCI Freehold)
this month have in common? SCRIBBLINGS!

Notebooks, diaries: Indian Head Tablets (Ignatius),
scraps of paper (Hocus Pocus), and then,
Martin Deans notebooks as well as the
prisoner's Criminal's Manual to Crime in Toltz's
A Fraction of the Whole.

Quite amazing. Coleman will become a writer.

Ignatius needs havoc with pen, pencil, or crayon.

Some of the excerpts are quite memorable!
Shaving characters like Ignatius Reilly, Martin
Dean, and Haylee (Hocus Pocus) with inmates
in MCCI, starting with maximum security
and "classic literature saturated" dictionary - I
armed I-1 on one end, and H-2 on the
other with Schopenhauer, Derrida, and The
Indefinite Committee, I really seem to be
determined for somebody to become a
writer and philosopher.

X

7

I suspect at times I am not so much a writer as much as I am being written. I am not creating fiction but recording reality.



9 September 2010 Thur

I have a strong desire to read Vonnegut's Hocus Pocus. purple 1, raised a significant issue yesterday. I can't reach many people with talk about Schopenhauer, phenomenology, and exorcising the ghost of Hegel.

A Critique of Power. I may create a forum called A Critique of Power, and merge The Template for the Creation of Empire in there. I may also move some of the posts from A Politics of Experience into this newly created forum which will focus on whatever it is meant by such a critique.

Power in the form of Authority is artificial power. How about "A Critique of Authority"?

It is authority, not real power, which we mean when we say "power". The Powers That Be are those among us who represent the State - agents of the State. What is the State? How can philosophy come to terms with State Authority or even corporate power? ???

X

What is "power" today? What is "authority"?
 The wealthy want a \$700,000,000,000⁰⁰ tax cut which
 would give each \$100,000⁰⁰ each - and they are
 already billionaires. $7 \times 10^{11} / 7 \times 10^5 = 7 \times 10^6$
 7,000,000. Seven million megarich

is money authority?
 $\frac{7 \cdot 10^6}{3 \cdot 10^8} = \frac{7}{300} \approx \frac{2}{100} \rightarrow 2\% \text{ of population.}$

I notice that I want to go to Freehold but I also
 have a desire to make a statement of Operation:
 Subversive Disillusionment. These cocksuckers are
 "the powerful," "the fucking gods," "the
 princes and princesses".
 "Abraxas" is simply genius-in-itself.
 Education does not grant it. Nature does.
 "The handwriting" is natural. Computers,
 blogs, type writers, the printing press!
 All these devices destroy the need
 for a scribe. And yet the Scribe
 continues to scribble. And scribble and
 scribble, occasionally resting his wrists and hand
 while the brain nibbles on some text dear to me.
 I wonder why it is that when one passes off a
 book that book begs to be read with the
 prospective reader in mind. Now it's Hocus Focus.

relate to This Perfect Day

The Collapse of Demand → "recession"

Nobody wants anything anymore or nobody can afford anything anymore. Wages have been pushed down so far, and profits so high, that people have picked up their balls and gone home. We don't want to play anymore. We're hungry. Time to build that Community Longhouse! Of course, I need my little igurt off in the distance where I can hole up and scribble, protecting the Papers from the Waters.

Basics. Stone-Age BASIC PRIMITIVE NEEDS.

Do we have a primitive need for solitude?

Will I always resist the group mind?

By not having money to participate in conspicuous consumption, I've become superfluous.

X

unnecessary, unessential
unneded, too heavy to carry,
(not worth carrying)

RFID chips... radio frequency devices in the name of public safety. Ira Levin's This Perfect Day.

It is used to track prisoners and animals and now daycare programs. Very intrusive. Tracking pre-school kids... like products. Privacy and security concerns. [This Perfect Daycare]

A trip to the library seems necessary.
Will I create a new forum? Critique of Authority

relate to This Perfect Day

X

I don't want to hear complaints from myself about beer and Hemmerly. For \$7, I got 4 long sleeve shirts, 2 sweat pants, a long black rain coat, a cool black hat, 5 pairs of socks!
Oh - AND an EXPRESSO Machine. all \$7

(2:50AM)

©

10 September 2010 Fri

I awaken a little sad, but not morbidly so, about having drunk alcohol yesterday. Walking home from the bus station, I could feel just how close I was to, sinking into the earth.

And that is how I close I was to trouble.

Just because I say I do not exist does not prevent, this sense of self. This self does not drink alcohol but it does. Reality contradicts words and resolutions.

Reality moves right along regardless of the demands we impose on it. If life is an experiment, we are the laboratory. We are the experiment. We are life. We are not "in" life. We are life itself.

X

The clothes I got from Freehold for seven dollars, which included ~~expresso~~ espresso machine, are going to keep me warm and cozy.

Words are pig shit. I can say I do not exist even as I sit here writing in my own Being. I want... what is this "I"? What is, is. Oh no, nothing that is so, is so. It is wrong to say "that's the way it is" or "It is what it is." It is anything but what it appears to be. Even in our writing we are ridiculously unaware of the hilariousness of our ignorance and our air of security in knowledge!

Is metaphysical knowledge possible?

Is metaphysical supernatural?

Why the-will-to-know? Why not just not be concerned with what I want since all that matters is what is? If I want other than what is, if what really is is so abominable that were we aware of it in its totality all at once, we might lose our will-to-live, then there could be a built-in limit to how much we can "know" to protect the organism from psychological and mental/emotional overwhelm.

A total stranger, after getting a cigarette from you, may insist on thinking you believe they know of this mysterious & powerful God who makes them feel so GREAT. Do they lie?

They do not "know God." They imagine a god so that they can operate in this meaningless accident called life. Do not try to convince them to be more honest in evaluating the facts of the matter of being alive.

It doesn't matter if someone professes faith in god, or if they insist on lying to me as if I did not have a clue of their true horror at finding themselves caught in this existential nightmare.

People "play it cool," but deep inside they are filled with primal anxiety upon realizing they don't know what the fuck is going on here.

X
So I dabble in experiments with alcohol, cautiously. I can't shake the image of Henry Fool in that same film. The way he would chug beer while rambling about how they ignore the very people who they erect libraries in the name of after they die.

Despite our own ontological insecurity we still engage in existence. We have no choice. We are "in" it. Could ontological security be had were we to understand we are not "in" life, but that we are life itself, as a multiplicity? We are the processes. We are the meta-historical.

Give me philosophy I can explain to a drunk or someone who would rather be comforted in knowing lies than in facing reality with no such imaginary foundation.

The worlds we construct in our heads are part of our environment, hard-wired into the motherboard of life. Our way of knowing is a condition of our Being.

X

So, Gunner from Sweden ought to be in the USA now. I wonder if I will be able to meet him. I am a rather interesting character if only for my strange addiction to writing down my thoughts in "my little notebooks" which I've been filling with commentary since I was twelve years old. What has been the effect of circling around in the chaos of our sense of self and the riddle of Being?

X

I would not want to have to put on a show for the world. That would be tragic and pathetic. I certainly do not want to put a show on for myself. I do not have to impress this self. My intelligence is its intelligence. I exist for it. I just don't have any responsibility for my shady ontological status — as far as existing or not, "I" — the I — functions as a point of reference for a quasi-knower of what is known.

Our so-called self is a living environment-in-itself. Its inner being is the multiplicity of Nature itself. We are not simply in the accident or a consequence of the accident. We are the accident-in-itself. Philosophical Comedy or Comical Philosophy? Sardonic Humorists? Sardonic Philosophers,

Sardonic → ironic & cynical

Ironic & Cynical Philosophers in the Flesh
*Ironic Philosophers in the Flesh *

Irony Philosophy in the Flesh ?

IRONIC PHILOSOPHY IN THE FLESH

How is "Operation: Subversive Disillusionment" coming along ? Every week I am letting a couple lunkers in. I'm a one-man think-tank in no need of disciples. I can no longer propose solutions or pretend to know the nature of reality. For this I am marginalized as mentally ill, compensated for "disability". Perhaps this is due to my actual failure to adapt to what the workforce expects of human animals - well trainable obedient robots. I am not a robot! I am the electricity flowing through the wires, not a "program" following instructions from a head of the species. The seagulls witness me as well as the people of the mansions. We all mingle for brief interludes between the winds. Here I am, the sometimes pinning philosopher, going through the blues of being superfluous and unneeded, with so much frustrated, wasted, raw skill and intelligence brooding over our universal human condition! Hentrich really wills-to-know.

I KRONIC PHILOSOPHY IN THE FLESH

X

The flesh is not a part of what we feel. The flesh is what we feel. The flesh itself philosophizes. The flesh is a multiplicity. As long as this flesh is on this scholastic journey alone, as long as nobody else seems interested even in phenomenology or Schopenhauer or even philosophy, then I don't have to be too concerned with exploring ideas miles away from practical affairs.

Resilience. Impermanence. Isn't this the most practical activity of all, this realizing that we can slow down and sit still. Survival is not much of a struggle. Third World Amerika watches the First World Citizenry shopping, filling their SUV's with their precious goodies. Meanwhile, Third Worlders here pull a cart miles from the store.

At any time the entire system could collapse. If the money-system fails, then the food trucks stop rolling, the tobacco runs out. The coffee, my god, the coffee is gone and now too precious to desire. The party - officially over.

In "private pants" I may confess to experimenting with small quantities of alcohol to verify theories about will and intellect.

How are matter and intellect related?

Identity! Matter = intellect \rightarrow energy
think: "electricity".

The whole problem of a self is exposed by the struggles between an imagined I making resolutions and the flesh which defies the commands of the "Control Panel of Our Consciousness."

I figure I would at least learn something about the very issues I have been focusing on (intellectually), by closely observing the ironic truths revealed in the structure of our language and how the illusory nature of these ~~metaphors~~ ~~biological~~ neurological metaphors, becomes clear to us in the very fabric of our daily lives. One simply opens one's eyes, looks at anything as a process, make statements about

25
it, and one can witness how our expressions
are locked into the structure of language.
We use terms like "I" taking for
granted that this "I" is in a process,
and can only speak for the state of the
creature at one point in time.

Thinking beyond the structure of thought is
metacognition. Metacognition can be
practiced while unbreathed on alcohol,
but recording the insights becomes problematic
due to impaired muscle coordination.

X

Today E?Z asked me if I had just had a
cigarette! I must have really stunk like
tobacco smoke. Oh well. I am not
domesticated nor do I care to be
domesticated. There is a reason I am
alone, after all.

If I can develop sardonic humor
in my writing voice, then I will have no
need of a favorite author for I
will have become it. I can't write to
any other audience but me. This is the human
condition; yes, but we each have our own unique
personalities.

mmmm
23
22
21
20

3 scrambled eggs for dinner. Basic. No toast.
No bread. Simple. With food such as grits
and eggs and pancakes, sustenance is fairly easy
if one is willing to eat grits and pancakes and
oatmeal and cereal for DINNER.

I may become depressed with my lifestyle, but I
suspect others who have invested their lives'
energies to constructing an identity which has its
foundations in their social function or employment
become even more severely depressed when that role
becomes unnecessary. At least I have a rich
inner life to fall back on. And I don't have
to give up smoking... don't have to be presentable
~~or~~ or keep a TV/DVD in the house to entertain.

I am in survival mode. This is like the Twilight
Zone. It's a strange existentialist narrative,
day in, day out. Coffee, coffee, and more
coffee than sleep. Look forward to

funds than penniless for weeks... month after
month. What changes? If I get through

WNR2, it surely will change my experience
of myself. How? Through seeing

the world through his imagination.
My identity is based on being a vessel for
intelligence to match its ideas in - Tragically -

Disillusionment: Realizing the woman of your daydreams
is repulsed by the odor of smoke on
your clothes. Life is silly and unpleasant.
What is it about full Habiger's attitude in
The Catcher in the Rye I found so comical
or humorous? Irony, sarcasm,
Sardonic humor?

Is there any humor in the misery one feels
upon facing want of marijuana? There is no
more delusion in alcoholic oblivion.

That is some recurring theme in Catcher in the Rye
the alcohol. What about those who face the
long dark night of the soul without chemical
anesthesia?

It is as if I have made a decision to
follow my own peculiar interests despite the pain
of exile and ostracization from those who
defer to the authority of the dominant society.

Those who have thought I am merely
~~seen me~~ as a joke have missed the Irony.

It is my sardonic attitude that gives me
resilience and tenacity.

It is this
Sardonic style which sees depressing lonely evenings
as incubators for comedy. Philosophy
about nothing. The self does not exist.

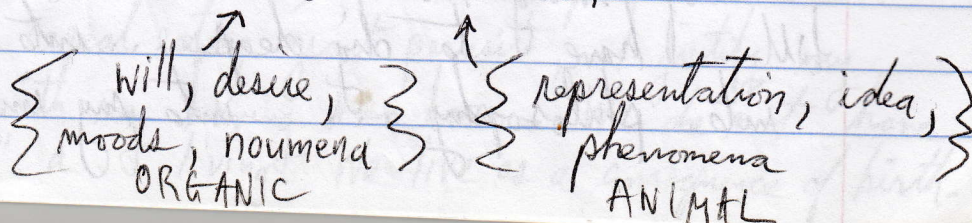
Words are pigshit. The subject is a multiplicity.

If all I do is sit and write, filling notebook after notebook with my reflections, I that nobody is interested in hearing, isn't this much better living than being held hostage to cocaine-zombies? It is also better than getting smashed on beer, singing to FM radio all night. Is it? Yes. When/if I allow these little lapses without becoming depressed over "addictive cycle of despair," I can learn each time, acknowledging that there is no escape from the discomfort anxiety fused into Being-in-the-world.

from June 2010 (jail): "I need not converse with those who can't handle my dark mind. I will secretly focus on my own Forbidden Truths."

$$\text{anger}^2 * \text{happiness} = \sqrt{\text{madness}}$$

The World As Creature and Creation



I remember 1986, in the years of the lost diaries
 (COOB: Creature Out of Body), living at
 Lisa Jackson Moore's, smoking weed from a pipe
 in the barn out of the rain, resting after
 wasting another day pumping gas to pay
 rent & food expenses, ~~or~~ This was
 before living in the attic apartment on
 Colts Neck Road.

So much older now — 19 to 43!
 Alcohol had me back then too. Finding a place
 to live had been a problem for me since my
 suicide attempt in 1986 put on Long Beach Island.
 Both my parents were fed up with my drunken
 rebellion and my determination to hang out at
 construction sites so as to be able to continue
 drinking rather than to allow myself to be committed to
 some kind of "plan for the future".

My father realized I was tired of books.
 Strange — a residence is what I longed for all
 along, a place to cook eggs, to read
 books, to write my thoughts, to
 reflect, to hide, to sleep, to die.

As a cereal eating giant parasite, I justify my
 existence with my having been born. We do not have
 to "earn" a living. We live as a consequence of birth.

18

X^o

Why is it that only a monster can see things as they really are? We all deceive ourselves to a certain extent concerning the true motivations behind our behavior so as to protect ourselves ~~from~~ ~~invented self~~ from seeing ourselves as we are.

If we were to see ourselves (experience ourselves) as the exotic creatures we really are, it would be like science-fiction/horror.



11 September 2010 Sat.

Let's have the truth, not the version where the brain feels the comforting effects of reefer, but the irritable flesh itself in its natural hostility toward interacting with other creatures.

The universe, a place teeming with life, is also paradoxically quite hostile toward life. It's a wonder how all life has no choice but to go about its business upon finding itself alive without going mad. Charlotte from #4 borrowed my cart this morning. She says she will make me some passages this morning. I wonder if I should also use the cart to haul groceries from Wegman's/Super rather than go to the Trinity meal.

X

~~Q~~ How does one cope with the inherent anxiety of existence? The managers and engineers of society are more brainwashed, more indoctrinated, more enslaved by the system. Everybody is supposed to be "looking for a job." Especially if you are out of jail on bail, you're supposed to be looking for a job and a lawyer, kissing ass at 12-step meetings and trying to get a "therapist" (advisor) who can write the judge a letter to tell him what a good boy I am — or to confirm that I have a chemical imbalance that makes me a problem to robotic police who expect everyone to acknowledge their imagined authority granted to them by this abstract myth called "the State".

I have studied the cosmos in my head.
I stay in my head. Even when I am out in society,
all I see and experience occurs in my head.
Shalonda is in my head. My mother in my head.
That we happen to be caught in the same web of life
at this moment is random and without design.
We are getting closer to the truth when we give ourselves creeps.

Maybe if she and I both witness each other's misery, we will be able to verify to one another, in all honesty, it would have been better not to have been born.

Monday. Make statement in critique of power that ~~we expect~~ "if you don't mind, this is what Schopenhauer wrote about the Koran".

"Consider the Koran; this wretched book was sufficient to start a world-religion, to satisfy the metaphysical need of countless millions for twelve hundred years, to become the basis of their morality and of a remarkable contempt for death, and also to inspire them to bloody wars and the most extensive conquests. In this book we find the saddest and poorest thesis. I have not been able to find in it one single idea of value."

If I go see Shalonda tomorrow, I'll go early.
Whatever mood I'm in?
What if I'm in a funk?

How "magical". Instead of taking my mom out to lunch, I can at least take a train to see Shalonda - not to rescue her from the nightmare that is existence, but to be her "special brother" who can philosophically validate ~~perify~~ her tremendously gloomy moods.

We won't have to speak much at all.
Have I not matured emotionally? Life is not a party. Life is a tragedy. If we overcome this, then it is a great COMEDY.

Is cheerfulness or comedy even appropriate when situations are so drastic - such as evictions and "welfare stipulation madness"? Would I pay \$12 for a novel by Dostoyevsky? I will most likely put \$12 for a train ticket to see S, which is Dostoyevskian, ~~as~~ Dostoyevsky-in-the-flesh, Dostoyevsky-in-Itself.

I am a word, therefore I do not exist.
What does it mean to exist? To be represented in a brain and connected to an image or concept as "point of reference" is not to exist, but to be KNOWN.

It is life that makes my heart heavy. Shalonda is life itself, and it is heavy with stress and heartache, frustration and anger. What does one do when one is unable to financially rescue someone but wants to offer some kind of "love"? What if my presence annoys her? Why bother? We'll see. That's comedy.

More comedy: I am totally self-absorbed in my own thoughts, investigating the inner-working of my own flesh. Keeping track of moods via the good old fashioned, time-tested diary, with, in my case, a huge dose of philosophical speculation, has become a natural recording device for the "presence" to capture some of this intense incommunicable emotion as moods ooze into varying degrees of melancholy.

Oh well, let's not romanticize Virginia Woolf, children. We wouldn't want to get the idea that we depressed little psychotics were tortured geniuses in the flesh. Writing as revenge? For what? No social recognition? That's quite an honor. TO BE IGNORED

It is an honor to be ignored when you see who has been ignored in past ages: Marlowe, Schopenhauer, Hamlet and countless others will never know because they were ignored into the Abyss.

Few journey into those obscure orbits which spiral around the central riddle of existence and strongly question the ~~author~~ legitimacy of the authorities of their era.

We know from past histories, even revealed in the dogma itself of the world religions, that those who challenge the theocracy face execution, ostracization, and abuse.

X

I ought to get ingredients for hamburger stretch, including bacon and peppers and cheese, so as I to prepare a huge batch. Of course, this means some beef.

Slaughtered cow. Yes, I am guilty of planning to consume. I am part of the meat-eating demand for meat. Seeing the creature's appetites, even as humble as they are in comparison to many, gives me a sense of discomfort anxiety -

the conclusion that the will is insatiable.

Blind and insatiable desire creates the universe. The I is just an organic metaphor for the will's self-consciousness. These very issues have confounded me my entire human life, and not many besides Schopenhauer and Cioran have been very up front with the genuine unpleasantness of having been born. Some cultures around the planet have a sense of the gravity of the disaster and have rituals for compensating. Our culture, on the other hand, seems to attempt to capitalize on human misery. Creating it then charging for the cure, which adds to the misery and the trap of dependency on outpatient agency.

It is better to sit for the rest of my life inching away with Schopenhauer's doctrine. When the student is ready, the teacher appears.

One does not just wake up and decide to read Schopenhauer.

It is serious. This bit of insight alters one's experience of reality itself.

The "Civilization Process" does not eliminate the fundamental anxiety a sentient Being experiences finding itself in the Web of Life.

I want to be clear so the reader will understand for once that their problems are all rooted in the problem of being born.

I do not offer salvation from our condition. It has to pass. It will pass. Ice Ages come and all activity ceases; all knowledge gathering ends for a long interval. There is no rhyme or reason, is there? Not that living knowing beings can see. Our predicament is very precarious. We're on thin ice.

Our "states" are delicate. We don't know how long we're gonna live until we die. At least all this writing may survive my death, in which case my speculations might serve an anthropologist/archaeologist... charting the character of the human spirit.

As far as what I can do while still living, well, this is frustrating. The spirit is strong but the flesh is weak. What is there to I do? What can one possibly "do"? Will I visit S? It is quite a journey there and back. I would have to start early. What's my motivation? I prefer to be alone so I can BE FREE TO BE MYSELF.

X

Who will advise me? I am not interested in hearing any sermons in any churches today. I may escape down to the ocean to elude an intrusion of babbling demands for coffee and tobacco.

Upon awakening, a human creature becomes a problem to itself. It's best to clear on out and away from human creatures in need, sorry to say. If I want to write the way Celis did in Journey to the End of the Night, I will have to face these unpleasant, rarely expressed realities of our species.

We are a nasty species.

Up close and personal, not pleasant. Some specimens absolutely wicked, mean, with no capacity for mercy or compassion. What is it to be human? What is the true motivation behind my desire to see Thalanda?

There is no cure for irritability. Isolation helps. Solitude. Introspection. Meditation. Does marijuana ~~cure~~ cure irritability? Not always.

Often one becomes even more irritable. I propose walking in the rain drinking coffee in black hat & black raincoat!

X

61

Being unable to contact S is a blessing. Now I get to hide - I don't exist. When I close my eyes and nobody sees me, I enter a place where I do not exist as object. Still breathing, nostrils flaring, imagination imagining. What exists is that which hides. We do not acknowledge our more forbidden sexual urges. No we embrace the snake who wants to curl in blankets and sleep - or are we too ashamed, too brainwashed to enjoy being hidden?

There is freedom in invisibility,
but also freedom in knowing where the center
of the universe is. Words are pig shit.
What does this mean? It means words can't
express the sensation of a nap.

X

I am my own doctor, my own laboratory, my own mad scientist. I do not answer the door when George knocks, 2:15 PM. He woke me from a nap. He ... is becoming an issue. I have to hide?

I'm the one who has to deal with being me.


I have grown tired of my life. If nobody witnesses my misery, it is less embarrassing. In some part of a funk. When the brain is wide awake, then sleep is not an option,

X

67

I've been on a solipstic trip my entire life. Being free of the television and Hollywood and even Internet and Music collecting, I am free to get bored. FM radio is the pits, drives me insane. No beer, no problem. My own daily life is a dark boomy metal ballad. And just how many countless others express their unwritten memoirs to the winds? we shall never know. This deep dark intellectual... Dostoyevskian character. "Former student."

X

Just because I can reproduce doesn't mean I should. Fortunately for the species, women must sense my genetic insanity and offer no safe harbor for my reckless I demon seeds.  Of course it is a rather peculiar predicament to be a living organism who is having difficulty negotiating with life on life's terms. I am the Steppenwolf. I choose icecream and milk over beer. So what I may sink into a suicidal depression rather than dance around the apartment like a baboon, but it's better I don't drink. I may be on the verge of breaking through to an even more deeply introverted mental state where my mood chills passersby.

X

Science-fiction comedy, psychological horror. I may be running from my notebooks. My message in the bottle. Without herb I am a miserable wretch. With herb I am anxious and still quite irritable.

Again, I feel a bond with the character Raskolnikov from Dostoyevsky's Crime & Punishment.

Imagine. Adding 3 great comedies to a wing satiated in 7 classics. These novels I will shine. While I walk for bread, milk, and ice cream, I may reflect upon the significance of these books and the dictionary.

Could some kind of chain reaction be set off in all different directions?

Marijuana doesn't heal me much at all, and even when it helps, I become anxious knowing how very temporary the whole relaxation process is.

Here I am, the 43 year old 12 year old - rock n roll space cadet intellectual, bleeding artist par excellence.

I can't get away from my own brains. What beautiful penmanship you have Mr. Heinrich! What stinky smoky clothes you have! What a sloppy kitchen! What a grimy gas station bathroom!

Yes, but it sure is cozy to me.

X

I baby myself as if I were my pet kitty cat. Ice cream? chocolate and coffee. Better effect than alcohol. Alone, like a seagull with a clam, savoring the snack. Part of the creature runs away from the domicile to get away from the notebook and pen. Another part returns for ice-cream, and curling up with a book. No TVs in here.

Cave man style? Cave bear. Hermit. Aesthetic. My writing is my disease. I'm not looking for a job. I'm disabled by my genius.

And so I've gone mad. Truly, sometimes ironically mad. I've gone mad because I know I have a tendency to be fairly on the ball, regardless of what the gorts I may say about me. ~~THEY~~ mistaken appearance for reality, after all, I and do not see into the subjective heart of things. I notice I feel more at ease at dusk.

10
X
What did I expect would happen if I totally dis-
connected from the grid?

I go off on my path alone, not
paying any attention to the world not
paying attention to me. One wants to be
alone in order to read, but if one is
paralyzed by loneliness, how does one enjoy a
book?

And so we wait in the grip of moods.
Depression. Melancholy. Angst. Nihilism.
Anxiety. Read people's faces. It is
the same. ~~I~~ I voyage out beyond the
stratosphere into an orbit far removed from
petty concerns peculiar to our era.

I am concerned with what is universal
and general: the will and how the brain
displays "reality".

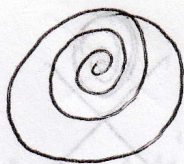
X
My tongue is like an ash tray. My clothes smell of
smoke. My tables are littered with tobacco
ashtrays all over the one bedroom studio apt.
A scholar, a suicide, a mad scribbler.

I isolate from faces. Since I see things as they are,
I have no delusions of being a saint,
although I do appear to have my projects.
At this point I know no woman would put
up with me as a mate because I am very deep,
always wrapped up in some invisible battle between
primal forces within the flesh itself.

Thinking back to years where I was hostage in
my own care due to drugs: 2007, 1996
(Matavan, Task House) - I appreciate
my "boredom". How is boredom a higher
state? We have no notion of "duty".

X

I really have to stop naively flirting with librarians
and other women who may happen to smile
at me. It only sets me up to become angry
should she comment that I smell like
smoke. If I do not have any desire to
be lovey-dovey with her, then I don't
have to be at all concerned with
her public opinion / perception of me. ~~xxx~~
Do I ever stop writing? Is this some kind of
madness-in-itself? Top bad you were born.
Nobody has any use for you.



13 September 2010 Mon

A knock on the door awakens me at 2AM.

George asking for rolling papers. I tell him ^{to} go away. I get up, piss, put on coffee, smoke cigarettes. Still depressed but moving beyond being overwhelmed. This is really what life has turned out to be.

It is not a shock. How does it end?

Maybe sleep is best, but when sleep is denied, what is there to do but pick up where one left off? What is one to do?

Life's a bad dream. Who would think to tell children the truth? There is something that snaps when we realize what a fucked up joke has been played on us. Don't tell the baby just how bad it gets at times.

I have a neighbor who roams the halls talking to himself, really driving himself nuts. I think he's drinking. It is rough, I know.

Who knows if I end up back on it what could happen next? As lonely as my life is, at least there are some things to treasure - a mattress, blankets, pillows... coffee, pancakes... books... I'm just living my life. I refuse to have any remorse about failing to find a place in society other than marginalized madman.



I hear about Freedom of Religion concerning the building of the Islamic Community Center near where the Twin Towers went down in New York City, the "capital of the world," the New Rome. Nobody understands Freedom From Religion.

I want freedom from the poison of religion.

In an ideological war between Christianity and Islam or Islam and Judaism, I sit back detached, as ^{one of} our spiritual master phenomenologist (also comedian) George Carlin suggested we do when regarding everything about this carnival Titanic always about 2 weeks away from total melt down in any given zone of the global tragicomedy which is the story of our species on the planet.

I see the absurdity and wretchedness in these religions and their holy books. I of course equally condemn Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, and do not "take sides" with Christianity or Judaism against Islam.

See Schopenhauer quote p 42.

I have no personal problem at all with community centers, and I see how religion poisons everything. Seeing everyone including the President of course defend Freedom of Religion instead of Freedom From Religion merely clarifies that the majority of people

take world-religions very seriously and today's politicians take advantage of this. Strange moment in history to see the absurdities play themselves out - but this controversy over the spread of Islam is but a smoke & screen. My brain is more concerned with what it is we are being distracted "from". Could it be the disappearance of fish?

We can no longer exist as creatures proclaiming to possess higher intelligence unless we begin to color our thoughts, our worldview, and our social commentary with large doses of some kind of fanatical humor.

There is nothing funny about the disappearance of fish unless... unless... well, we have nothing but time to discover a joke in here somewhere. Or do we? Hesse said life is just time enough for a quick joke. I believe it was in Steppenwolf. So let's keep things in perspective and acknowledge what a crack of shit Islam is, and every religion like it, really is.



20 September 2010 Mon

I awaken feeling despair. I think I may return to Schopenhauer's WWR2 after finishing Vonnegut's Hocus Pocus (4th reading). If it were not for my mother and what my premature death would do to her, I would prefer to just die than to continue living. Maybe an anti-depressant might help.

X

I'm bored with WBAI public radio. I guess I'll just listen to Democracy Now at 8 AM. I can't be the only one who feels so miserable. So many of us lead lives in desperation. Not many are able to articulate their displeasure. Still many others perhaps blame themselves personally, as does society in general blame human "flaws" such as laziness or other labels used to insinuate that if individuals themselves "tried harder", they would rise out of their miserable condition.

There is a chance that my consumption of the 6-pack of beer had a depressing effect on me. Alcohol does not help. It makes the poor vulnerable to police harassment and also leads directly into Oblivion.

I gained insight from my fourth reading of Hocus Pocus, and I am very pleased to have ~~had the~~ been inspired to mail that into MCCI via Coleman of H-2.

"Freedom of speech isn't something someone else gives you, but something you have to give yourself."

Vonnegut and Carlin are mentors of mine, Vonnegut, through one of his characters, the young black female physicist, says they should have called Yale University "Plantation Owners' Tech."

I found that I am able to read a book while laying down on my back on a bench on the boardwalk. All along the boardwalk, from the Pavilion all the way down to Deal (8th Ave), the benches are all empty.

The weather is beautiful; but, it is a Monday — so, most people are in some form of PRISON, be it school or a job or a "program" [COUGH]. I suppose my baptism in bliss is criminal — and yet what have I done wrong? ☹️

X

By 10:30 AM, after about an hour reading on the
boardwalk, I return to the apartment for more
coffee in good spirits. I have once again
risen from depression. No pressure,
no stress — this is the cure for
depression. It's an inside job, throwing off
the harness. This is what it is all
about: LEISURE to enjoy my higher mental
faculties, free to fart around.
This is true wealth.

I have somehow managed to discover a
simple way of life. If I can manage
to reduce the frequency of inebriation,
which I have been doing,
then I may even reach a point where
I might be able to spare energy
to "contribute" to "society," although
I am not sure in what capacity.

I wonder if I could ever get a
job as a teacher at the County Jail.
Most likely there are laws against hiring
ex-convicts in that institution.

For now, I am fairly content to stare off
into space, relieved ~~me~~ to be out of
the grip of mental and emotional anguish.

CRITICAL THEORY: Sociology

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I changed my screen name to "Unchained". I thought that perhaps "Spartacus" was a bit "arrogant sounding", which is how I feel about Horthcote as well. While I do want to get back into WWR2, I may browse the library for something else to dabble in as well. Why not?

In 2009 the book Punishing The Poor (c. 2004) was translated into English. The author, Loïc Wacquant had translated some of Pierre Bourdieu's work. The APPL has 5 of Bourdieu's books: On Television (1996); Practical Reason (1994); The Weight of the World: Social Suffering and Contemporary Society (1993) - written with several others, including Emmanuel Bourdieu (over 600 pages); Acts of Resistance: Against the Tyranny of the Market (1998); Firing Back: Against the Tyranny of 'the Market' 2 (2001).

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I will begin with "Against Tyranny," both volumes as they are most likely quite powerful. Actually, critical theory and sociology is most likely the direction I will be moving in in my literary investigations. I am actually quite inspired.

I am very inspired to have come across French "social philosopher" (Sociologist) Loïc Wacquant, and, through him, Pierre Bourdieu who died in 2002. There is a good chance that, were I to be placed in the county jail, Wacquant's book, Punishing the Poor: The Neo-Liberal Government of Social Insecurity, will be the book I request my mother to send in to me. I just have to leave the name with my mother and/or memorize the author & title.

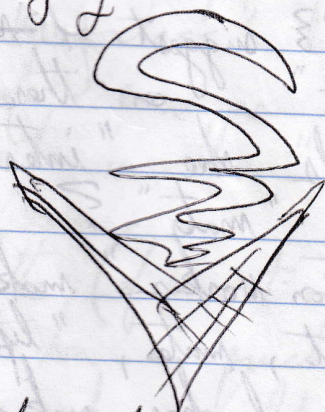
Did E? suggest I ~~read~~ write some kind of "book report" on these books I am reading? Is she "interested" in me as some kind of "mate"? Would a job, even as a "construction worker" make me an acceptable consort, mate, "life-partner"?

If E? sincerely has picked up on my unique qualities and has some kind of sexual/emotional attraction to me, then why must I conform to the demands of "public opinion" just to ~~comp~~ "qualify" as a man worthy of a female companion?

I looked her in the eyes, inquiring about an application for archival space for my "diaries" - a major indictment against our society.

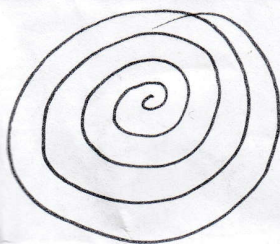
It is some kind of living story being witnessed by
the people of Asbury Park, New Jersey.
Who shall I write about, it?
Why bother? The truth does not buy
groceries or pay the rent.

Perhaps I will just leave the raw data of
my genuine DIARY OF A REBEL.
I am not trying to entertain the
gods or trying to win a fortune.



After drinking the 2 24 ounce Coors, I
am amped up and prepared to scream and
sing. What can I do but read, write,
and stay off the street?

Mike is a screamer. Tomorrow I send email
to Gil declaring I'll be at Bus Terminal at around



Under "Research," I will list Pierre Bourdieu's work as well as Loïc Wacquant's. This will simply enable a small band of lone intellectuals (anti-intellectual intellectuals?) to join me in my research. These are European thinkers who are quite aware of the social disparity in the United States. This "neo-liberal" ~~ex~~ living experiment in the USA is going global.

Who is the subproletariat?

— Those who know the state through the police officer (he watches me now as I write these words - Hello Big Brother!), the judge, the prison guard, and the parole officer.

This is the realization of the dream of the dominant class: the state is reduced to its policing function. The State protecting the dominant class from those who don't have shit.

The current "Tea Party" movement is a conservative revolution, a form of radical capitalism with no other law than that of maximum profit. Modern forms of domination include "business administration" and techniques of manipulation such as market research and advertising.

X^o

99

Something that may prove useful in our discussions:
the ability to live with surpluses of
nonconsensus. ~~The~~ The philosopher's chronic
deficit of consensus turns out to be
an ultramodern virtue: a proficiency in
surviving conversational confusion without
discouragement.

X^o

I did not have time to mention Bourdieu and Wacquant
so this will have to wait until tomorrow night when
I return from Freehold. I just changed my id
to "Mike". Maybe I will change it to
"Little Mike". The "site description" is now
"A readiness to laugh or ..."

X^o

What frustration builds up after walking around all
day looking at women I cannot touch.
I am tired of rejection. Sooner or later
I will stop giving anyone the opportunity to
reject me. I am the one who is
unattainable, so when I open myself up to
a woman, she may reject me just to be
cruel. When will I just give up?



I wonder if my mother ~~thinks~~ thinks I am drinking alcohol daily. I don't even want to discuss it with her. I'm so frustrated with life in general.

Suicide is the confession that life is too much to handle - and that life just doesn't make any sense. One of these days I think I will just kill myself. I've had enough. Maybe sleep will renew me. Maybe a walk through Frechold's woods will renew my spirit. I look forward to going out to dinner with my mom. By Monday (9/27), when I go to court, I will most likely be out of tobacco. Surely I will be miserable. God, I hate being alive sometimes. People suggest I write a book. They can't fathom it. Even my nephew's attitude toward my writing really upset me. He said, "I thought you were writing about the world. Instead, it's just drunken outbursts and crap about women can't 'GET'. You're pathetic!"

How many people are even worth talking to?
 How many will even be honest about how they feel?
 How many give pre-made advice about "God" and their own "happiness in God"?
 It is not worth going to another to give us insight into our dilemma since most are not interested in reality at all, and are really only concerned with their own serenity and internal equilibrium.

Why disturb their peace of mind?
 I am basically miserable and offer no solutions. In fact, I say there is no solution... I wait for the sun to give way to darkness and wait for this dismal mood to pass.

Tomorrow I plead not guilty to assault charges. I am afraid that I may be sentenced to 30 days in jail as early as the last week of October. How will I pay rent in November?

Today has been lonely and depressing, but at least I have begun reading the disturbing text by Lois Wacziarg, Punishing the Poor. Meanwhile, marijuana may finally be legalized... in CALIFORNIA.

{ ? }

The "deinstitutionalization of the mentally ill in the medical ~~center~~ sector of the state thus translated into their "reinstitutionalization" in the criminal justice sector, after they had transitioned through more or less extended periods of homelessness. Indeed, the majority of infractions for which they are put under lock are public order offenses that are little more than the practical manifestations of their psychological impairment. Mentally ill persons have thus filled the bottom rung of the overgrown carceral system, creating insuperable dilemmas for the managers of custodial establishments who have to cope as best they can with the consequences of the shift from the medical to the penal treatment of mental afflictions in the nether regions of social space.

(from Loïc Wacquant's Punishing the Poor).

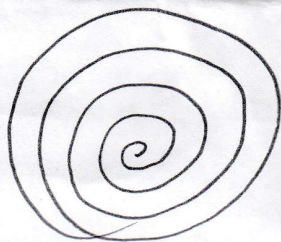
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I "recycled" Michael Eric Dyson's speech about how the plane is in trouble. America is turbulent!

Instead of being "dependent" on state assistance, the more insecure fractions of the American proletariat are now dependent on poverty-level wage labor. Poverty has been converted into a matter of the individual responsibility of each poor person much like the "justice" ~~apparatus~~ apparatus treats criminal conduct as a matter of personal culpability of each offender.

Σ ? Σ

Emile Durkheim taught us that punishment was a communicative device, a "language" delivering messages not so much to offenders as to the witnessing public - in this case the working citizenry. For the latter, the ~~of~~ ^{make over} of punitive social policy signifies without equivocation that nobody can opt out of wage labor without exposing themselves to a material and symbolic degradation worse than the most demeaning job.



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129

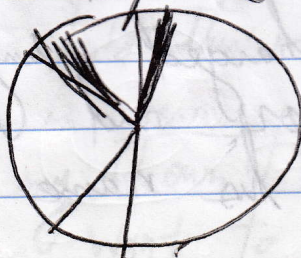
The quadrupling of the carceral population in the USA in just 20 years results from the extension of recourse to confinement for a range of street crimes and misdemeanors that did not previously lead to custodial sanction, especially minor drug infractions and behaviors described as public disorders and nuisances as well as continuing stiffening of sentences.

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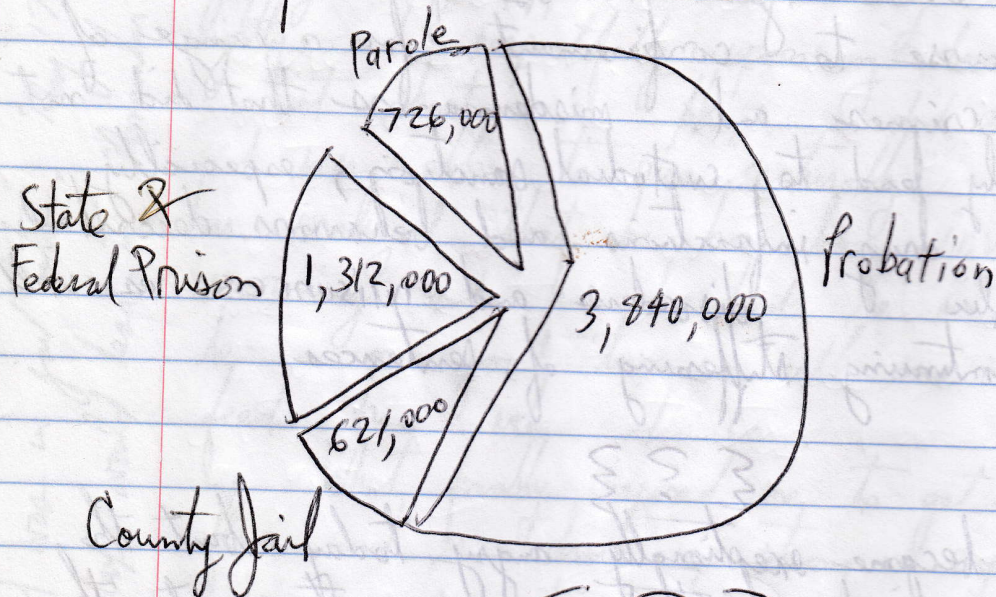
I became exceptionally angry today about the one hour limit on the computers at the library. I hate stupid draconian rules that are enforced JUST BECAUSE they are rules.

{ ? }

Rediscovering the mission of its historical origins, the carceral institution henceforth serves as a major instrument for managing poverty in the United States. JAILS do not manage "crime". JAILS manage poverty. The poor and desperate are criminalized.



6.5 million Americans under criminal justice supervision in 2000.



Σ ? Σ

If I have time tomorrow before 4PM to get to the library, I will check out "cops killed of Riverdale California 1998 disgruntled park employee".

Sometime in October 1998, in Riverdale, CA, two police officers were killed at the hands of a disgruntled X-employee of the State Park Service who had been discharged unjustly. He shot at the mayor and killed 2 cops. What was his name?

181
I find most people difficult to endure. No wonder they find me difficult to endure as well. As we become more and more intimate with the wretched nature of our species, what is there for us to do? I mean, how are we to function in a world that refuses to face truths that contradict the optimistic view that life is a gift.

The very "people" I worry about and speak for — I can't stand to be in their company! Could this be true? It is obvious to me that I prefer to be alone than to be harassed by hangers on. I can't stand the rich or the poor. I get along with suicidal philosophers. That's about it.

Even though I don't want people in my face, I still want to see them with food, clothing, shelter, education. Great minds prefer solitude. Other people deplete my energies.